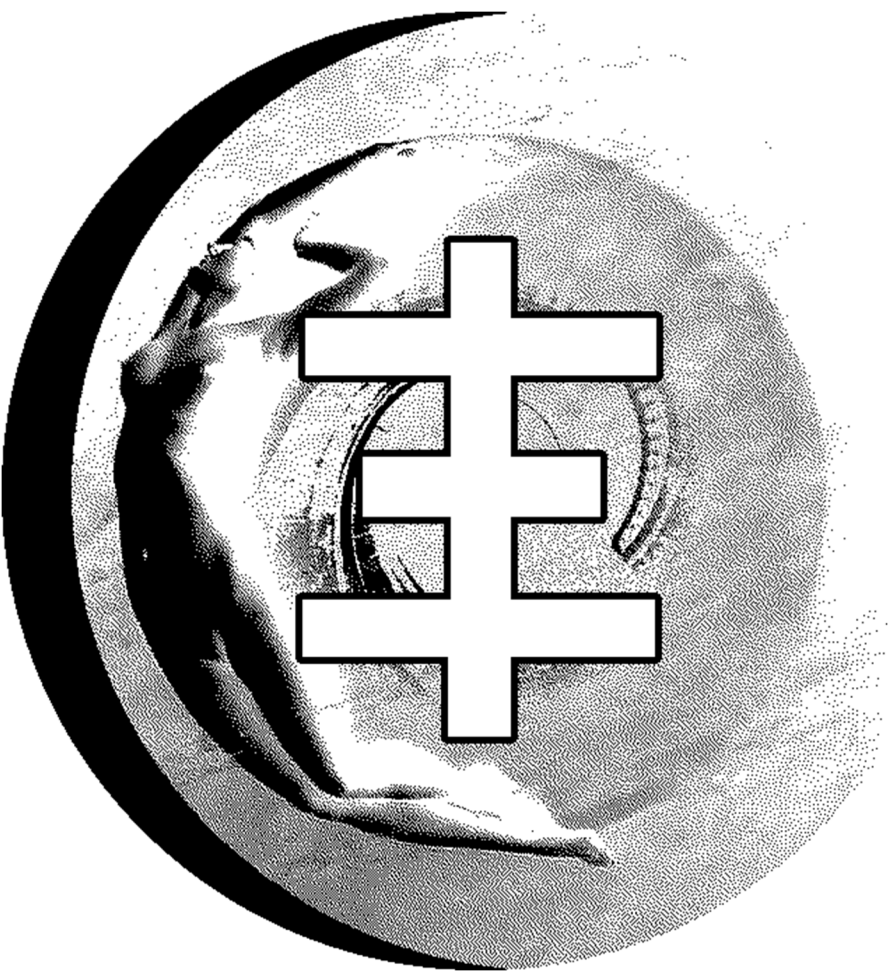


VACANT LUNAR TRANSIT



I think it's traditional in zines for the editor to write some kind of retrospective on the process of organizing the zine inside the front cover.

VLT is a kind of consistent rebirth, an expression of the wheel of time. The changes and evolution of a community as life blurs by. It was forged from reorganization, and tempered with intention and ideal, honed precisely to what it is today; but not what it will be tomorrow.

Confused yet?

- a fake moon cult
- a bastion of industrial culture
- a prioritization of the sapphic eye over the male gaze
- a celebration of the only body we have
- an art collective
- sadgirl society
- infinite nothingness

I'd like you to consider as you turn the pages of this zine, that its contents are not a collection of unlike concepts connected only by the comradery between their creators, but rather a unified whole and the expression of a single ideal which can take many forms.

BEAR IN MIND

An occultation is an event that occurs when one object is hidden by another object that passes between it and the observer.

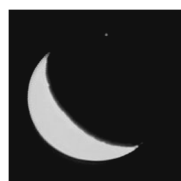
A specific type of occultation is called a transit, and this refers to a phenomenon where a celestial body passes directly between a larger body and the observer.

By making the mind vacant, through a kind of ritual disassociation, we open ourselves to knowledge previously occulted, revealed as we observe our identity in a lunar transit.

With love,

Skoddie Autumn

Kraemer Altair



Eden Trembles Mykki Rios
Al D Cole Rigo Gallardo
ION
Eliza Keller Lexx Saint Leonard
■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■
Julien Palomo ruminantchild (vera c. rife)
NOAH BOSS
Eden Trembles Lee Bec
Emma Mitchell Shannon Locks
Alexa Bond
Emma Stewart Alex Osinski
Kat Caton Sinclair
Sam Lunacharsky
ESTATE Rebecca Markab
Kefir Fatwa crücFX
Autumn Altair

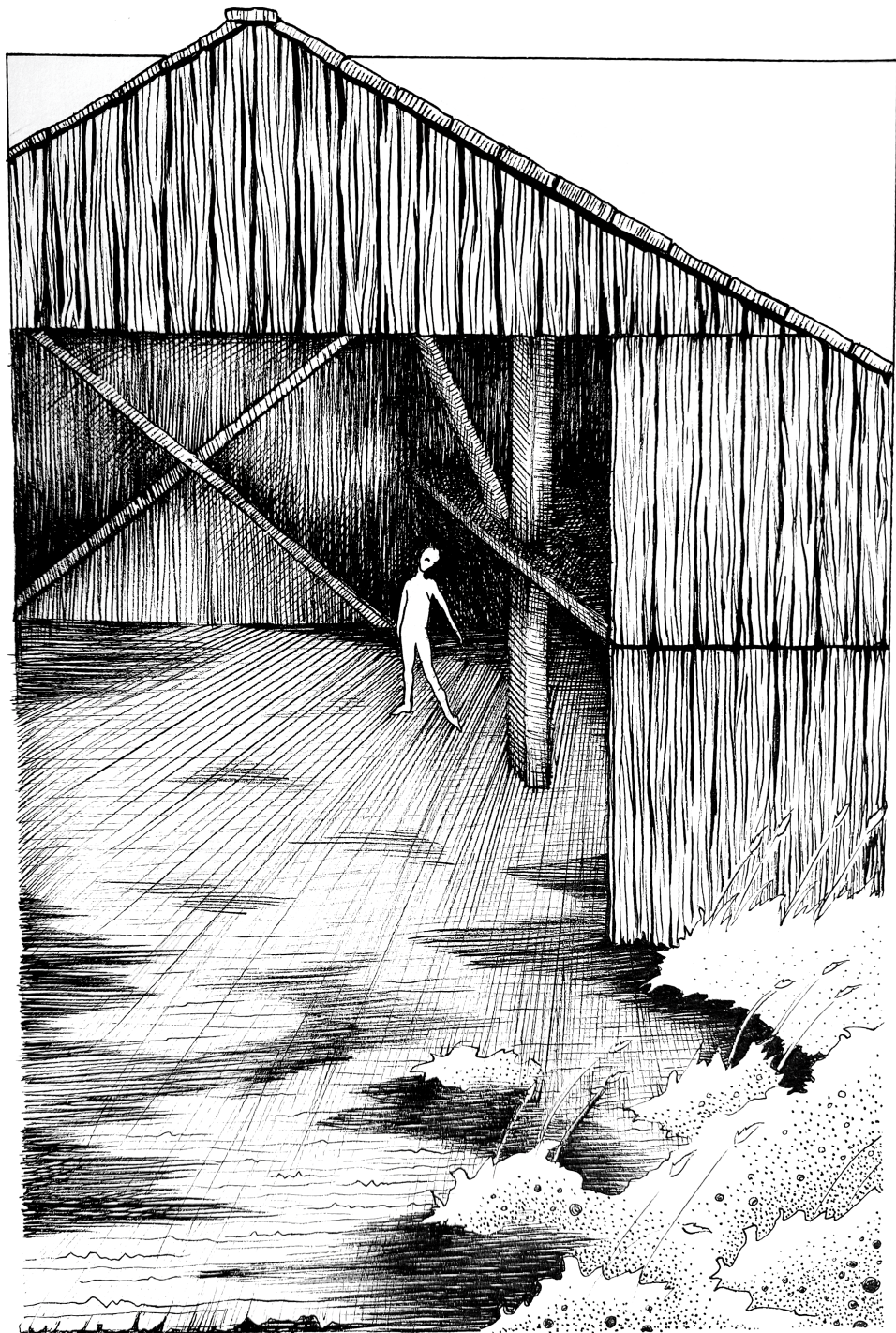
CONTENT WARNING

animal violence	mental illness
body horror	murder
car accident	nudity
dead bodies	occult themes
death	religion & spirituality
drug use	rough sex
eggs	sexuality
existential dread	sibling & grandparent death
genitals	tobacco use
geocidal capitalism	trauma
gore	violence
insects	violence against animals

The editor would like to note that she did not solicit PoC voices and contributions in the way she solicited queer voices and contributions; and this has biased the tone of the zine.

All views contained within represent the views of their creators, and not of Vacant Lunar Transit or the editor, Skoddie Autumn Kraemer Altair.

Special thanks to
Shannon Locks for proofreading
Elizabeth Kumaki for sensitivity reading



BARN ENTITY

Eden Trembles

ASTRAL PLAY

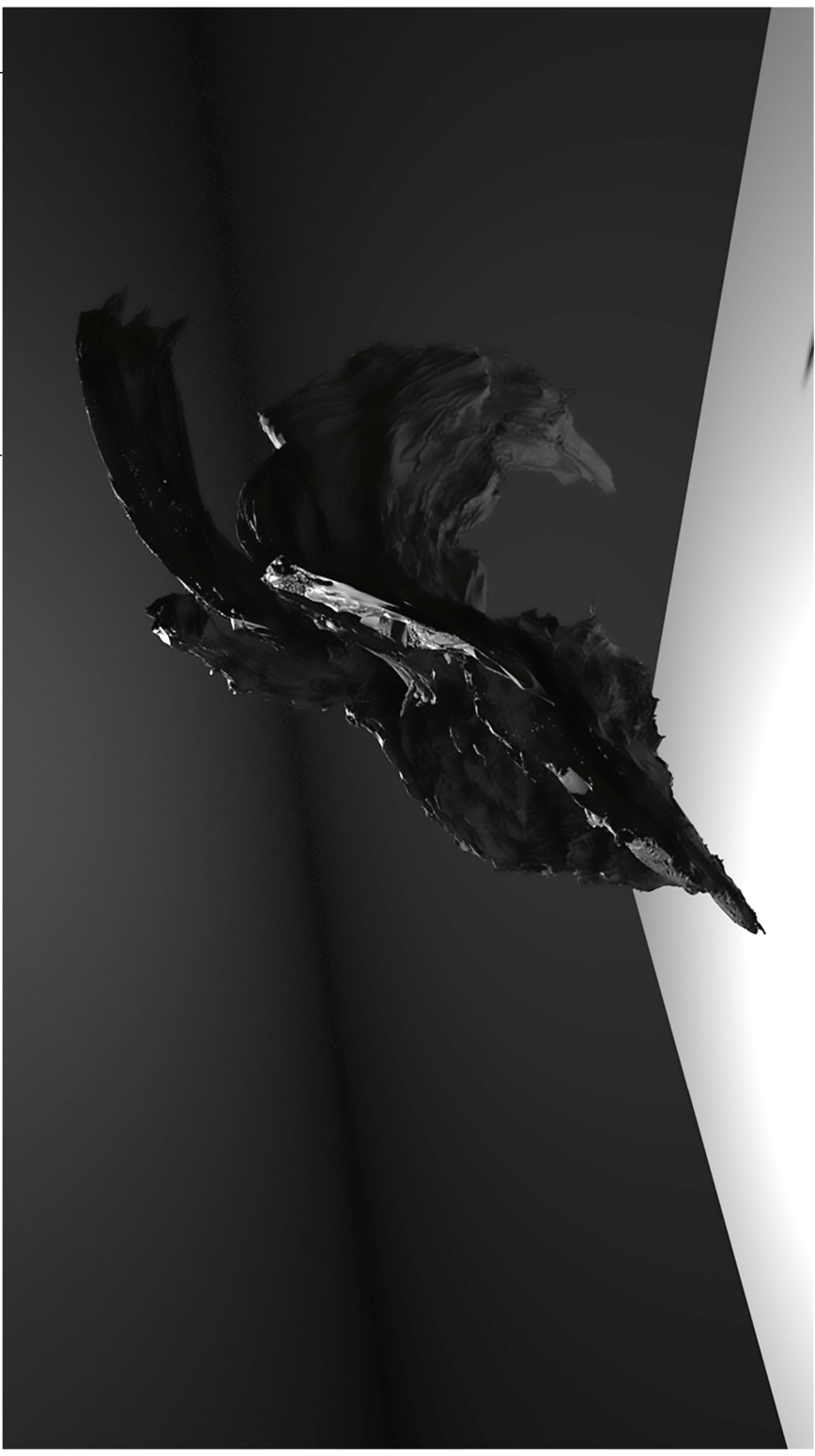
let's dispense with frills
he chokes me
and it is good
because i say it is good
and he knows my say on it
we are moving as one in the night
quietly riding a roller coaster
to its inevitable drop
i stare at the ceiling
there are shards of light
spectral blue-white
splintered butterflies flitting
on an inverted meadow of pitch
i will not say my life flashes
but i am thrust back
to a different memory
in this same bed
after the car crash
i'd dream the accident over
again i'd claw out of the dream
lie there in cold sweat
my shoulder in theory healed
from multiple breaks
tremoring at an erratic frenzy pace
spasming against the mattress
a phrase that takes a different meaning
as the here and now reels me in
my whole form is arc lightning
crown to toes as i arch and buck
then the familiar pressures vanish
my thoughts fission around my head
before i can think them
suns blinking in and out a halo
of returning to bones and sinew
of fading and rest

Mykki Rios



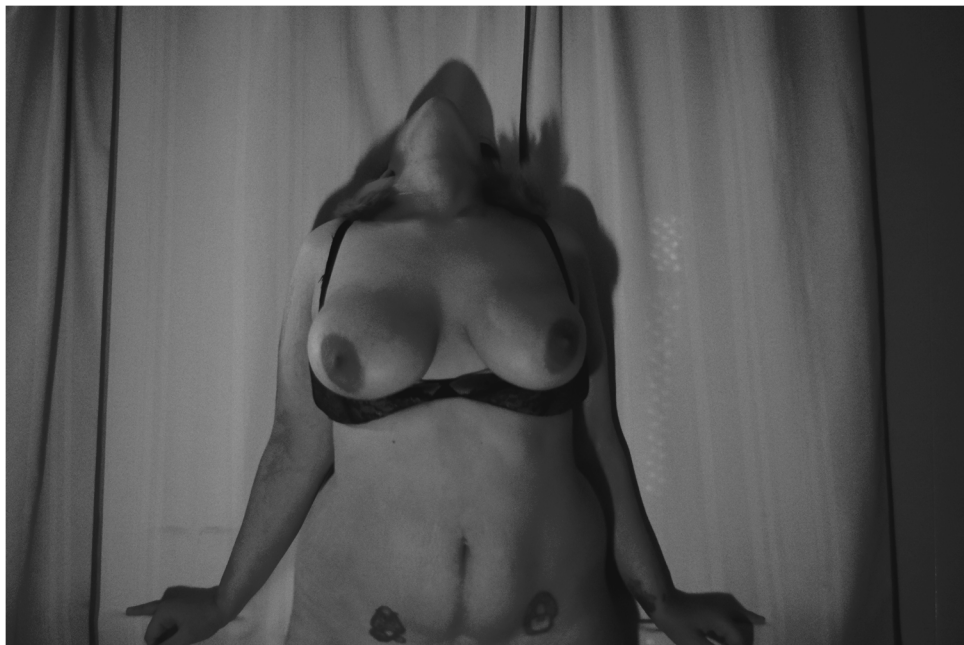
Al D Cole

Riogo Gallardo









Eliza Keller



The Coral Fist

by Lexx Saint Leonard

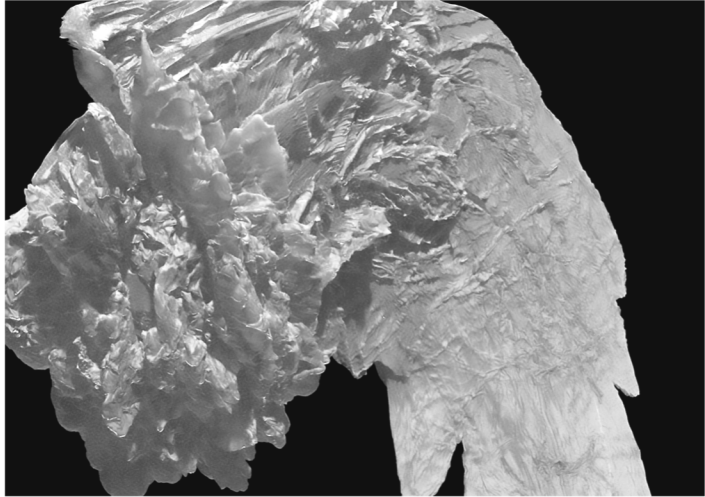
I was 12 years old when I discovered her. One day, passing on a narrow sidewalk, a large poodle bit my hand. I remember the weather vividly, but I don't remember the dog bite hurting at all. It was May and the lilac bushes were in full blush of spring, the smell permeated the atmosphere. My hand was bleeding all over my shirt. The wound was deep enough that I still bear the scar.

That was the day I first found Salome's grave. There was a cemetery along the way home from school, which I wandered through every day. I was lurking, gazing at my bloody hand with morbid fascination for the hue of scarlet. I passed a line of mausoleums and peered in, tomb by tomb. I felt a natural urge to find a way to get inside. So I looked around for one that appeared easy to break into. One family, the Despoena, had a loose grate on the back left wall. It was just big enough for me to climb through if I knocked the grate out and hoisted myself in.

With a little effort and ingenuity, I found myself inside this sacred place, hand still bleeding, cheeks flush from climbing in the grate.

Immediately I was drawn to a marble plaque in the wall which read, "Salome Despoena 1857-1910. 'Our family's precious gem.'" Something fixated me there, as if I heard a faint electric hum. Everything was silent and still for a moment. I said thank you for the shelter and put some of my blood on the letters of her name before I made my way home.

Writing in my journal that night, I let myself indulge in the fantasy of her life. I drew crude sketches of what she wore and guessed her favorite color. I knew somehow that her favorite time of day was midnight, after the family had all gone to bed, when she could be alone with herself. I imagined her eyes peering at the moon and drinking up the scent of lilac on her porch. The vision of her blushing in the evening alone was a seed of my own understanding of womanhood.

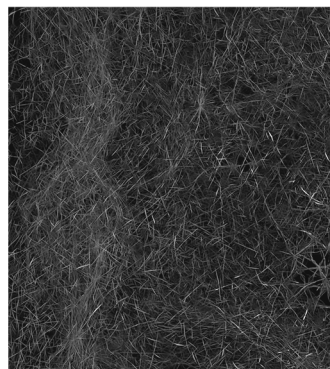


Visiting her grave became a daily stop on my way home from school, and sometimes I would bring her flowers. I was always searching for the most fragrant bushels. In my youth perhaps I plucked too many lilacs off of the bushes of neighbors' yards. But I believe my cause was justified, because when I sat in the mausoleum full of flowers and closed my eyes, the smell was so intoxicating that I became entranced and lost all sense of time. This place in my memory provided me with a sense of security that I had never experienced at home or school. I was a cursed child, and became more and more like a rabid dog as I grew into my teens.

I often spoke to her. There were times that I asked her advice, and other times I found myself excited to tell her about some great achievement at school. Sometimes I believed I was in love with her; I even wrote her ballads. But this was just a trick of adolescence. When you're swelling with youth, everything is loving and flowers, even the dead. Often, as I fell asleep by the light of the moon, I would see her as full as the moon itself, skin as white as alabaster, lips of blackberry jam. So much was she a model for me that when I looked in the mirror and observed my own body blooming, I saw an echo of her form. I began to look forward to visiting her tomb more and more through the years, until I began to sneak out of the house late at night to visit her in the quiet of the midnight sky.

The breeze was wet and smelled so strongly like the milk of the earth's delta and my own adolescence was robust in the evening. I laughed to myself at my flannel pajamas, crawling into the ancestral resting place. That night, visiting her alone in the spring, I decided that I wanted to have a conversation with her. I had heard of a séance before. But I knew there were some things I was going to need in order to do it.

By 16, I began collecting strange objects to use to contact her. I learned how to hunt and kill a rabbit with only a knife, and preserved the paws myself. The kids at school couldn't imagine who I really was, writing in my journal in the back of class. My family already thought I was an odd duck, finding mason jars full of fingernails. I never told anybody what I was doing. My mother and father sat me down and had a "talk" with me when they found my vials of menstrual blood. They asked me why I had a large collection of animal bones and candles. They thought my incense resins were drugs. Some of the things that I had collected had taken me months to find and collect. They confiscated all of my materials. But they never found out where I was going after school, or late at night, or whenever the occasion suited. I continued to visit her until I moved away after high school.



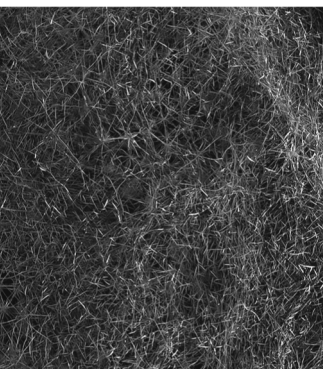
It wasn't until my early 20s that I went back to see if I could still crawl through the window of the mausoleum. I was visiting my family for Easter. That night after the festivities, I snuck away. I brought a bottle of red wine and a pack of cigarettes. One the way, I repeated the ritual of picking lilacs from every bursting, blossoming bush I could get my hands on, and stuffed them in my backpack till it overflowed. Near the mausoleum, I acquired a large white stone. I used it to knock the grate loose and hoist myself through the little hole in the wall on top of the left side. It was a little tougher than it had been in my teens, but sure enough I spilled over, bushels of lilacs cascading everywhere.

My heart was racing as it had been the first day that I had fallen through the window. I just wanted to talk to her, tell her about my life, ask her about hers. I observed the tombs cast in faint moonlight, eyes adjusting. I saw that the ivy had seeped in and blanketed the right wall while I'd been away. Sitting on the floor and reflecting, I lit a cigarette.

"I'm sorry I haven't come to visit you in a while. City life suits me so much better..." I felt a presence, but I wasn't frightened. I sat very still and smoked in silence for quite a few minutes, listening to that very same electric hum I thought I heard in childhood. I poured out wine on the floor. "Salome Despoena, I want to speak with you, even if it's only for a moment."

Through the crickets of the springtime evening, I heard a scratching sound on the other side of the wall before me. My heartrate quickened, but I was not panicked. Then I heard a rattling, and a voice, muffled. I took the large stone I had hoisted through the window and smashed at the marble and brick that entombed her.

And there she was before me, spilling out, smelling of rotten corpse and embalming fluid. She wore tattered black burial lace so delicate it would disintegrate if touched. She was not as beautiful as I had dreamed, falling apart before me. She appeared as a taxidermied creature with maggots burrowing into parts of her scalp. Her cold blue lips reeked of decay and pestilence. All the same, I was enamored with her in the moonlight. I sunk to my knees in a gesture more like worship than horror or surrender.



The first thing she did when she descended from her tomb in the wall was stuff her stomach and chest with lilacs. "I'm so sorry to be smelling of death, pleasure to finally meet you," she said with a curtsy and drank deeply from my bottle of wine as it seeped through the rotting holes in her decomposing body, soaking the lilacs ruby red.

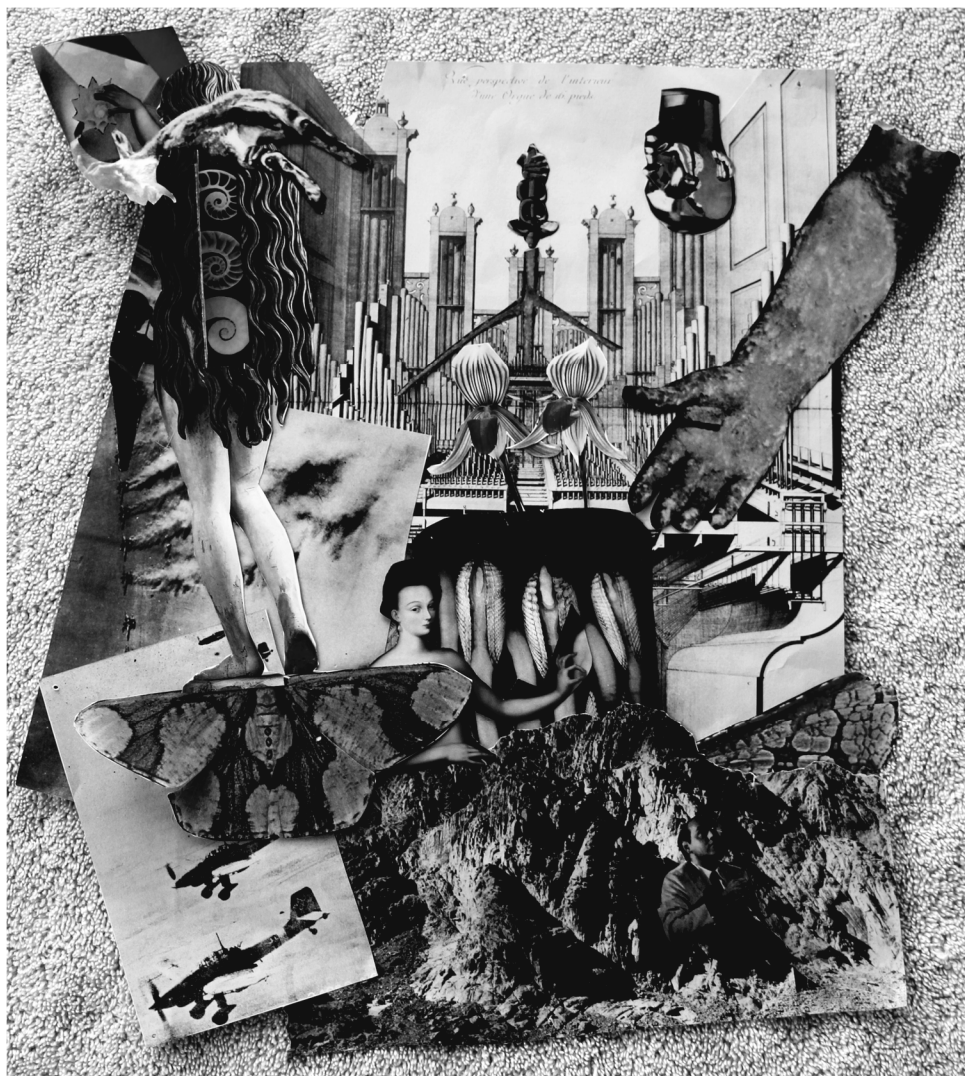
"I have something that belongs to you," she said, and reached into her ribcage to produce a small coral fist on a golden chain.

"This was an ageless family heirloom, tracing back generations. I loved it so fervently during my lifetime that I asked to be buried with it. That was my fatal mistake! Holding onto this treasure has lead me to endure such sorrow and suffering in the afterlife as a result. I called you here, and now you have come to free me from this prison. For that you will always be blessed."

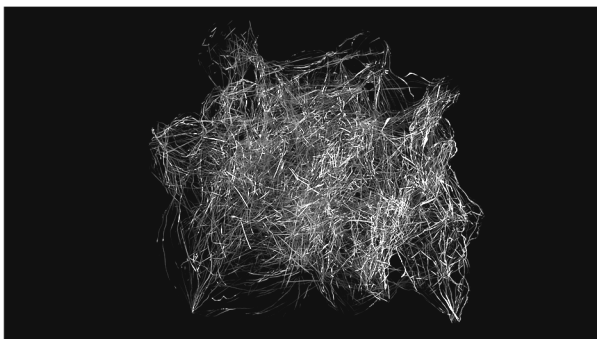
She lowered the necklace around my neck. The smell of her tattered and threadbare flesh so close to me was nauseating. A worm fell out of her arm and onto my shoulder, but this didn't perturb me. My lips burned with fire and my eyes blinded with tears. "By why me?" I whispered.

"Because something inside of you recognized me," was her only response. We met each other's gaze in the faint glow of moon light for a moment before she bent again to kiss my forehead with lips slack from decomposition. That stench of decay lingers even now in my memory. She climbed back into her little hollow and I made off into the night before anyone at home would notice I was gone.

Ever since that night, I haven't taken off this necklace. It grants me much protection. It represents a place in my memory that provides a sense of security that I carry inside wherever I go for the rest of my days. I still return to her grave to bring her lilacs in the spring, but I take the coral fist with me always.



Je ne crois pas avoir raconté cette anecdote... du moins, pas très souvent...



Ce devait être environ 2012, dans le Shinkansen en route vers Fukuoka. Un ‘salaryman’ de plus typiques prend à place à ma gauche. Comme il est de coutume au Japon, il s’introduit et me tend sa carte. M. Ta***a, vice-président, Chiquita Japan.

Il m’offre quelques bières fraîches. Il est heureux d’exercer son anglais parfait avec moi. Il vient d’être promu après avoir supervisé les importations de bananes de la société pendant près de dix ans, s’assurant progressivement du quasi monopole du marché intérieur. Le personnage ne laisse pourtant rien paraître de son importance.

J’ai malheureusement conservé peu de souvenirs de la conversation.

Julien Palomo

ruminant child



(vera c. rife)

A Charnel Confession

N O A H B O S S

*“In girum imus nocte,
ecce et consumimur igni.”*

Before I say anything else, I implore you, judge me not, for I know all too well my error. Hell awaits me; indeed, the Devil’s verse beckons me. My torment, like my enemy’s is nearly consummate; my victor, pyrrhic. I write of my misdeeds now as my anguish shall soon become too much to bear. I fear I am too late to escape condemnation.

There are certain details of my life that bear importance on this narrative, and I shall share them with you in the interest of context.

My grandfather raised me along with my twin, Ada. Father died capturing Guantánamo Bay from the Spanish, before my sister and I were born. Mother lost her life in childbirth. We lived in the country then and kept sheep. My sister and I spent countless hours together in our childhood, tramping through woods and creeks and lawns, and, often dancing together in the glow of the hearth. Grandfather warned us to be careful, but still we would dance, playing the parts of sorcerers in our day-dream.

One autumn, in my adolescence, fate afflicted the sheep with rinderpest, annihilating the greater portion of the flock. Grandfather tasked Ada and I with piling the corpses and burning them, to halt further contagion. We obliged, but we failed to account for the dryness of the season, and the fire began to blaze through the fields toward the house.

Remembering Grandfather’s warnings, I panicked and froze. A weight descended into my jacket pocket and deposited something, and then Ada was off, without a second thought, to rescue Grandfather.

A warm glow now illuminated the driveway; a dim silhouette reached the barn. Terror gripped me; I sat, paralyzed with worry.

Some minutes later—largely spent huddled, shivering, on the dirt of the drive—my young self deigned to investigate the item in my pocket. I found it to be a photograph. My eyes scanned its creased surface, browned with age; within it, Ada and I sat on a hay bale next to a ewe and her lamb. We were little more than babes ourselves.

The memory of her youthful chuckle rang in my ears, rising in pitch until it became a shriek. The full horror of realization flooded me. I shifted my gaze up to see Ada’s features twisted in mockery of laughter for only a moment before the blazing house crumbled, a smoldering heap of rubble and cinders comprising the only remnant of my childhood home.

I heard no other sound, and Grandfather did not return from the wreckage. Of my immediate family, I alone remained.

A distant cousin I'd never met took control of the farmland, sold it, and put those few funds away in an account for me. Some men came and relocated me to a city orphanage. I became increasingly melancholy, my gaze subject to a lens most dreadful—that of deprivation.

I treasured the photograph; I carried it with me wherever I went. Was I not right to do so?

Should I forfeit the memory of my twin—my grandfather—my kin—my old home? I would relinquish none of these. How could I ever let my story be extinguished?

I drifted from orphanage to poorhouse until I came of age and could access my inheritance, whereupon I began renting an apartment and took a job as a store-clerk. In time I even managed to make a few friends, of sorts, one of whom recently invited me to an exclusive gathering at his estate.

It was at this gathering where the narrative of my transgression properly begins.

I attended merely to ask a favor; the party itself held no interest to me. The house was uncomfortably warm. Conversation hardly abated my apathy, but the decoration struck my interest. My host, a man called Beauregard, richly furnished his house in mahogany and velvet, and the greatest symbol of status lay in the parlor, encased in glass: a pristine portrait on a white marble pedestal. It graced the room with an unparalleled air of affluence.

Keeping well away from there would have been the wisest course of action, but the portrait drew me in inexorably, much as the knight, in romance, finds it impossible to pass a castle which belongs to some giant or enchanter.

If not for the portrait's size and vivid colour, I would have mistaken it for a photograph, so delicate and precise were the artist's strokes. The subject's vermillion beard appeared infernate, his ruddy locks depicted exquisitely swept over his wrinkled, thoughtful brow.

I envied the man in the image, for about the house, his friends and relatives wandered, exchanging pleasantries. I had no family as such, and few friends to speak of; the rich man was a supposed friend of mine, yet he only ever requested my presence when there was some display of wealth to be presented to his company.

As I pondered his motivations, he sauntered into the room. I hid my derision and approached him, affecting what I hoped was a merry countenance.

"Mr. Beauregard! How kind of you to invite me. I must say, your portrait is marvelous!"

He paused and looked at me blankly. The brat could not even assign a name to my face.

“Ah, yes, thank you, it *is* so very lovely, isn’t it? Cost me twice a clerk’s salary, I’d imagine.”

I resisted the urge to strangle the odious man on the spot, and pled my case.

“I am immeasurably impressed with the artist; I wonder whether you might introduce me to whomever created such a masterpiece.” At this my host raised an eyebrow. I dutifully explained, “I have a photograph that I wish to be replicated, and fixed, in color.”

I then procured from my right jacket pocket the photograph in question, which I ceded to my dubious host. He eyed the image disdainfully, unaware and unconcerned with its meaning.

After a moment he remarked, “I’m afraid that satisfying your request ought to be as impossible as squaring the circle.”

Expecting resistance, I stood firm.

“Only prove to me that it is impossible, and I will set about it this very evening.”

Beauregard sighed.

“Do you really think an artist of merit would deign to paint such a quaint subject? And even if he would, who deluded you into thinking you could afford it?”

And so saying, he brought the picture to the butt of his cigar and puffed; I choked as I looked my enemy in his eye through the charred rounded he had just created. Ada sat faceless and blackened. Bits of ash cascaded into the thick carpet.

My graceless host—the crowned prince of arrogance and conceit—had, before my very eyes, just destroyed my most precious possession, the last remaining trace of my former life.

I vowed, in that instance, to reciprocate, bearing in mind the portrait that so effortlessly dominated the room. I began my scheme and feigned my disappearance from the party. As soon as the conceited fool believed I had exited the premises, I carefully collected a few items and stole away into the parlor while he bid each of his guests a falsely found *adieu*. I correctly surmised that, farewells complete, he would return to the portrait-room.

The fool’s apparent exhaust was so great, he failed to notice I swiveled his chair so it would face directly at the portrait; he muttered about “those damn motor-cars stinking up the whole street” and collapsed upon the velvet cushion.

I seized my chance: seconds later, my tormentor was bound to the chair, eyes like saucers trained on me. Retrieving his cigar from whence it had fallen on the carpet, I inhaled and leaned threateningly upon the portrait's case.

"Say!" remarked my captive, stroking his ruddy scruff, "If that portrait's all this is about then I suggest you untie me, out of courtesy. You shan't be needing to go inside that case at any rate. Don't go trying to 'fix' my likeness or any such nonsense. You know how much I paid for it after all."

The man had the nerve to coach me, to patronize me, when he was the one tied to a chair! I scowled inwardly, but outwardly I kept my composure.

"Oh, no, Beauregard, I find no fault with the portrait."

He let out a breath and leaned back.

"No, it is *you* who is at fault."

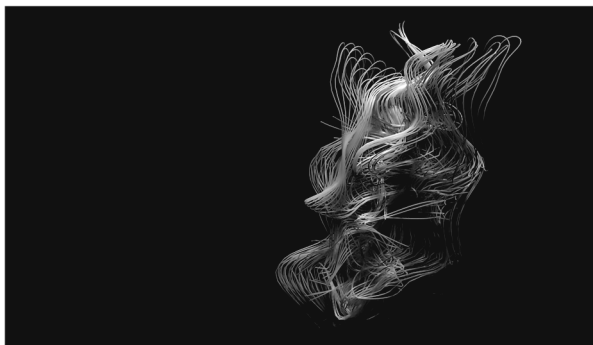
And saying so, I flicked the simmering cylinder under my captive's chair, igniting the puddle of gasoline I had prepared. He let forth a scream, and I hesitated a moment to relish in the dulcet tang of vengeance. The sight of the flames gave me pause, however, and I suddenly felt anxious to escape. I leapt to the door, but found it was locked shut, the key doubtless melting in my broiling host's pocket; indeed, there was no way out of the room.

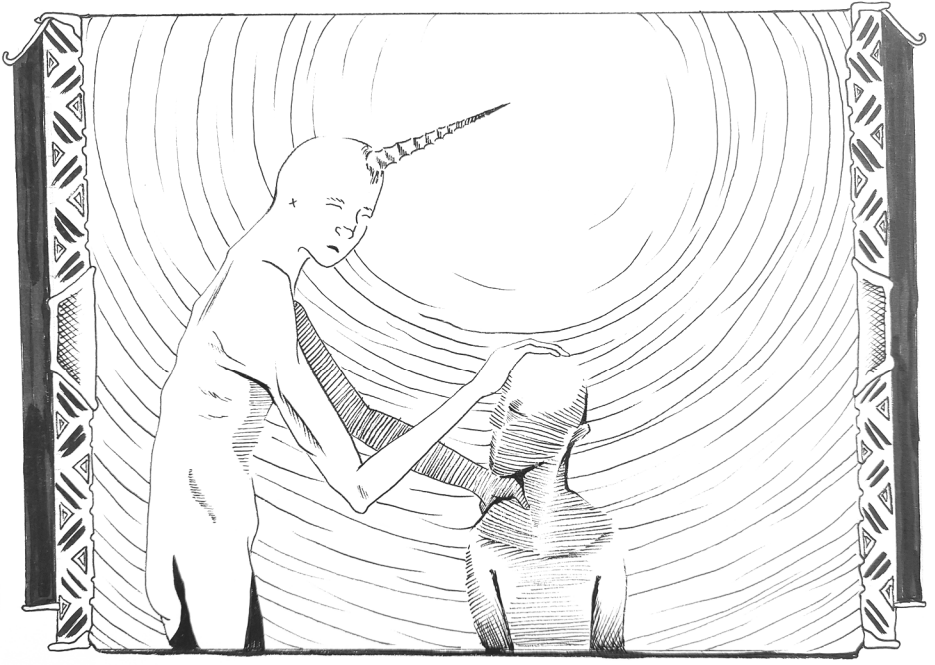
Oh, of all the horrid luck on this desolate Earth! While I am yet sound, I stand to suffer the same torture as the rest. My victim was lucky; he did not witness the manner of his demise; reach; the loathsome man's screams echo in my ears; unto my death I am confronted with his very likeness: the portrait in the glass case lies undisturbed! I shake so violently that I fear I may shatter, for I perceive prophecy in my current surroundings.

My time has come, to depart; as my dear sister did, as my poor grandfather did, as my blithering host did. I shall die alone and forgotten; this written record, an exercise in futility, will surely perish alongside me in the impending inferno. The Devil's verse invades my final thoughts, infecting my mind with dread. When once the virus gets into the brain, the victim goes round the flame, like a moth, first one way and then the other, beginning again where he ended, and ending where he began.

Alas!

The flames draw near.





SHE CAN ONLY HEAL WHAT YOU LET HER GIVE THANKS SHAHALA-HA

~Borne~

what a wonder it is to console thee, child
with the propensity to mold and reshape
like supple dough between fleshy palms
you, growing up and burgeoning into [whilst off the murky path]
just looking forward not looking back
no need to be fearful! trust in the process
the diligence of starving lo! A yearning!
close thine eyes and trust
trade your sense
for a bit for forsaken symbolism
give up one soft bone for another, stronger
and might you ask
is this what you really want
wondering, do you have a choice...
but like one as another
muddled together
[oh what power this is!]
yet the question surfaces
where is the solace
in this perpetual fostering?

Lee Bec & Ed

-A Portal, I Am Not Prepared-

Understanding gapes.

I tread slowly, thorough steps betray my fear

Heel-toe, heel-toe

The spirit clings to this old husk of mine

But it is

being

wrung

out.

Sunflowers grow faster than their ghosts can remember,
stretching raw new matter into the sky so suddenly, so violent

The wind, it must sting?

The portal stares through me as I delay

and I

shut

right

up.

My walking slows and I slump against a wall

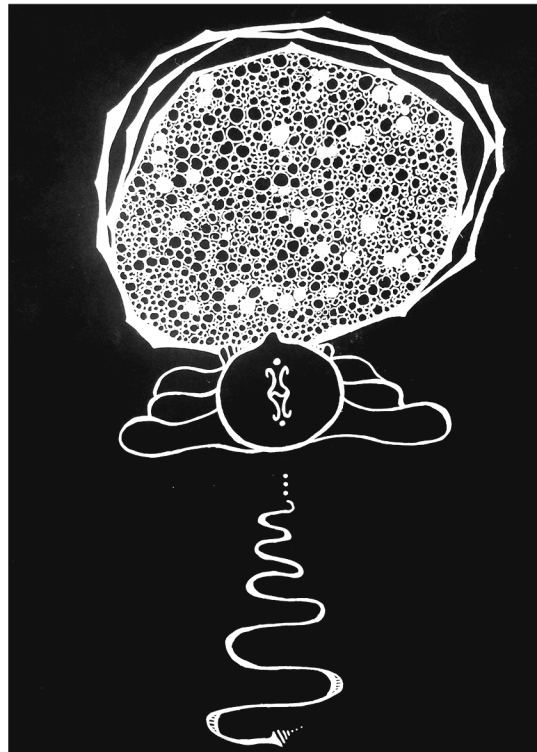
Cool, jagged, arid—not made for slumping.

The splendidous Unknown yawns out before me

Beautiful, endless

I shudder

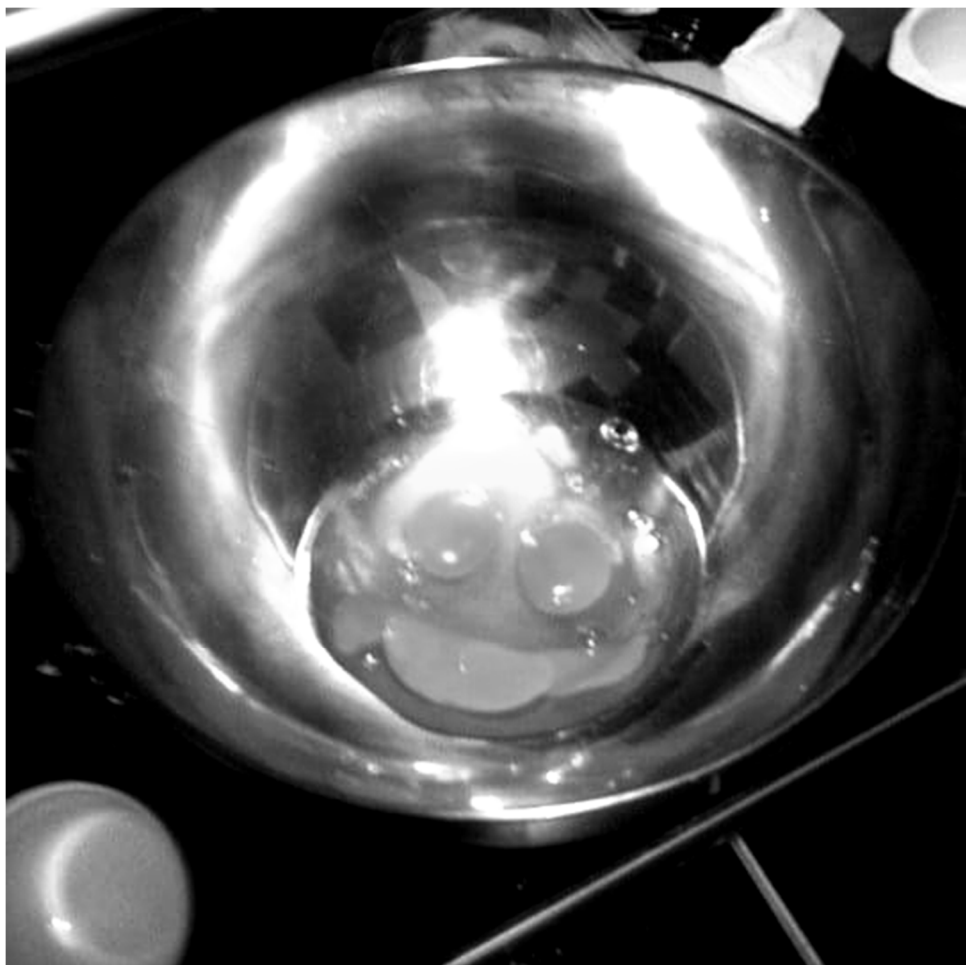
People remain here for Eons



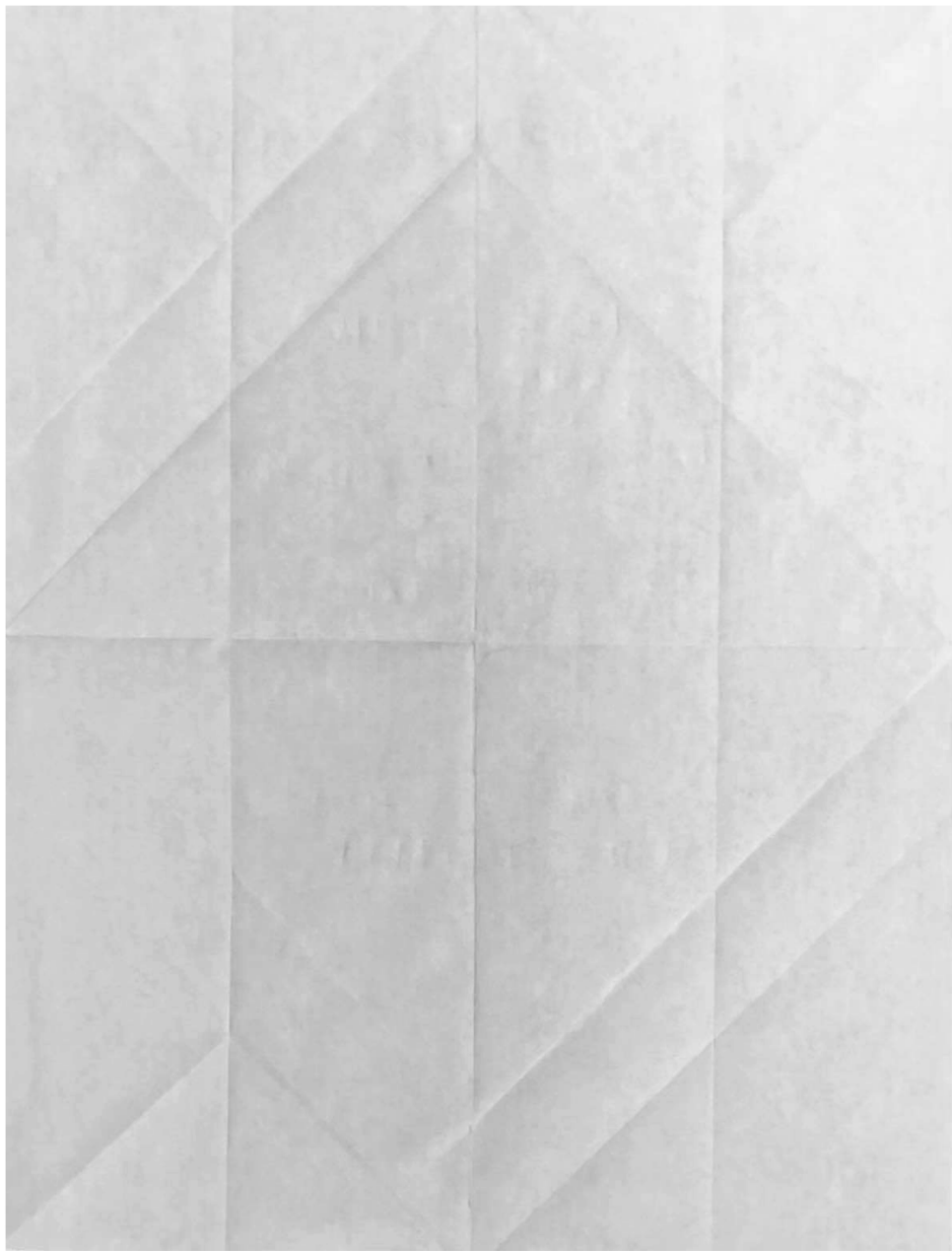
len Trembles



Emma Mitchell



Shannon Locks

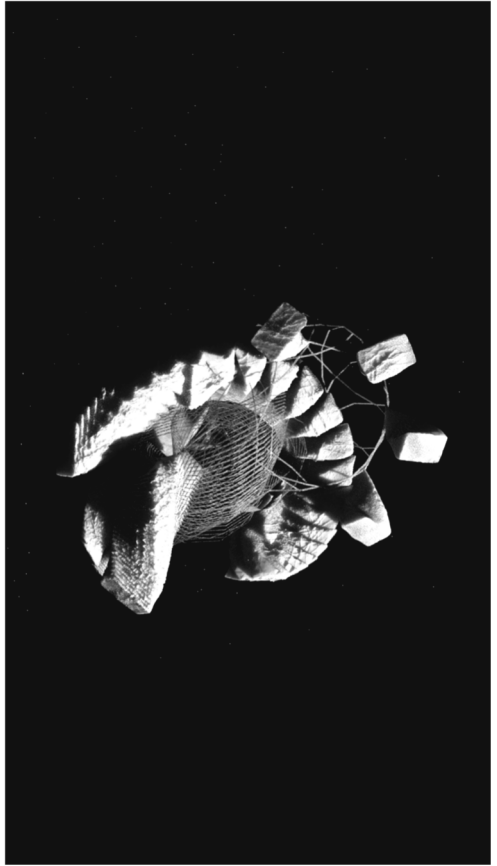


Alexa Bond



Naming

so much of beauty relies on perception/
and I want to scroll through my phone
like/one of those fields of flowers from a
screensaver/my computer sending me
postcards/you wish you were here/I'm
thinking we could sound/like The Sky
Reflected in Mirrors — works at
Walgreens/and believes in radical em-
pathy even/when someone shits all
over /the unisex restroom /Rain in the
Meadow/is always shorter than I re-
member/and when we meet up/I say/
you're always shorter than I remember
like/it's our favorite joke that there's/so
much more to us than this/funky little
vessel/a thing great at accepting/form
with no function/call it life/it ought to be
Smith/like I Made Myself/proud ham-
mer/of bone and sweat/she wants a
shorter brow ridge and I/can't stop look-
ing/at how she stares/into the middle
distance/with just the corners of her
lips/perfectly curled/like vines/that are
just learning/about sunlight and bloom-
ing/How the Ocean Meets Her gets a
lot of complaints/about their voice/and
we stalk around Bloomingdales/in our
masks/say things like/"my dog only
drinks Fiji water"/with sounds/that mid-
dle class women mistake/for authority/
and their puckering auras/almost feel
as good/as a shoplifted set/of ear-
rings/a lot of us are smaller/than the
noises/we make/call me a stranger/
from the ocean/where thistle grows/
call me a sound/you love to make

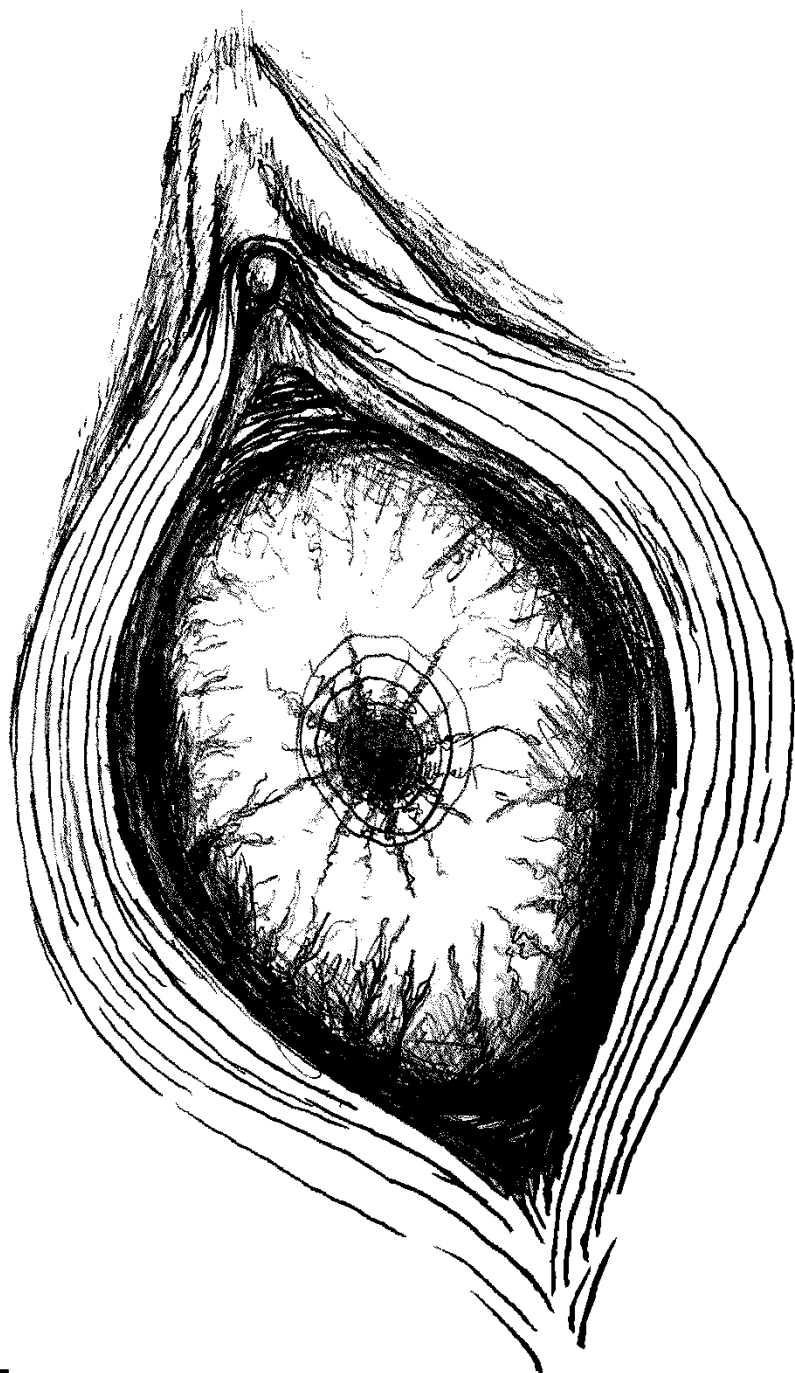


Emma Stewart

(he/they/she) is a trans poet stuck in Lubbock for a minute. They dream of a future with some trees and are waiting patiently to get an email from some spinach. You can find him occasionally having opinions on twitter @theeyeteeth or insta with the same handle. I think. Pretty sure.

Alex Osinski





Kat

Autumn Altair





5/31/2021

Atrium of the Moon

Stretch, expand, inhale

Begin:

The separating film of sand

Where the sea receives the shore

Set into motion by the moon

Pressing oxygen into blood

Cargo of flotsam, jetsam,

Phagocytes, Hemoglobin

Living things,

All things that feed living things

Tumbling through the animal form

Deeper into converging currents

Pushed and pulled

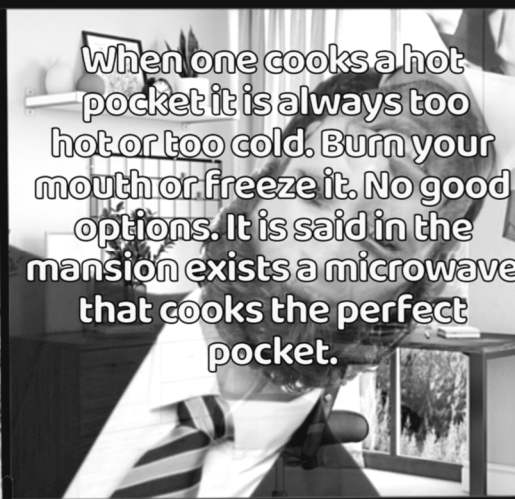
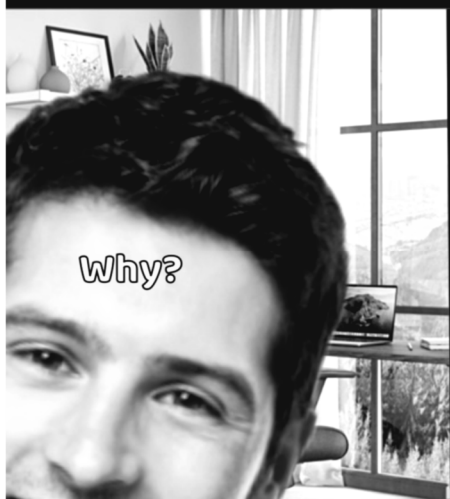
From that ocean to the Moon

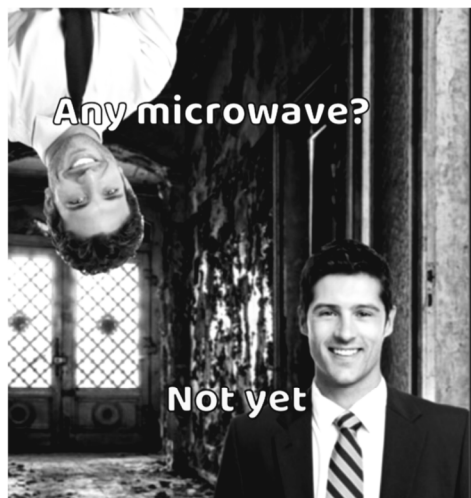
Encapsulated by the animal form

Each heartbeat a sacred wave

From origin to end.

Caton Sinclair





Any microwave?

Not yet

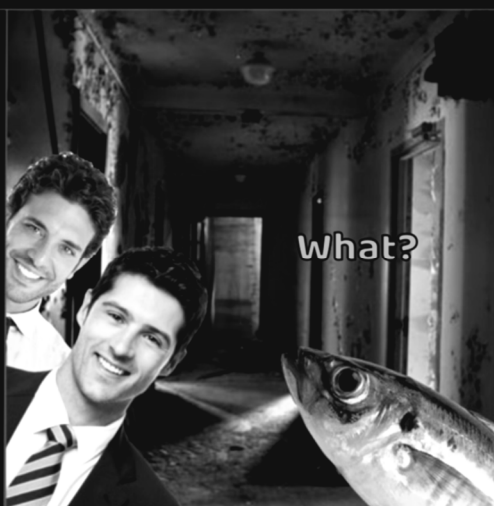


Nothing

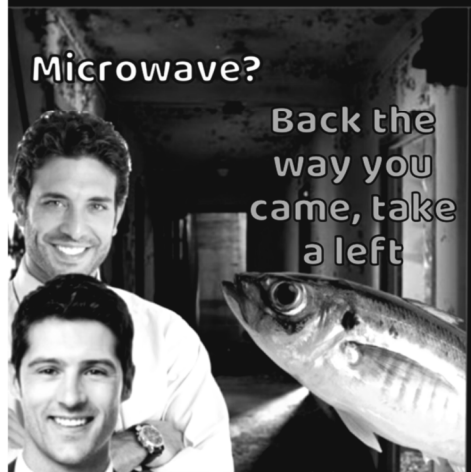
Fuck and
also Piss



You see any...

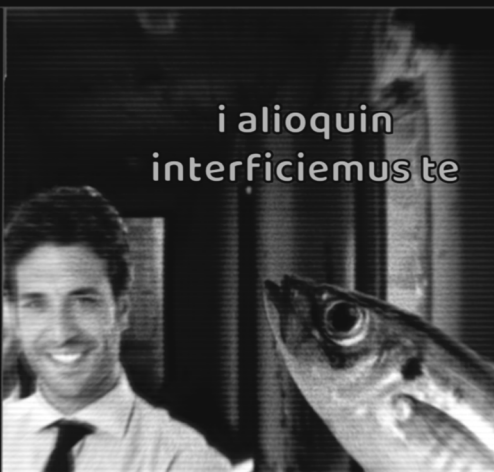


What?



Microwave?

Back the
way you
came, take
a left



i alioquin
interficiemuste

Did you get
weird vibes from
that fish?



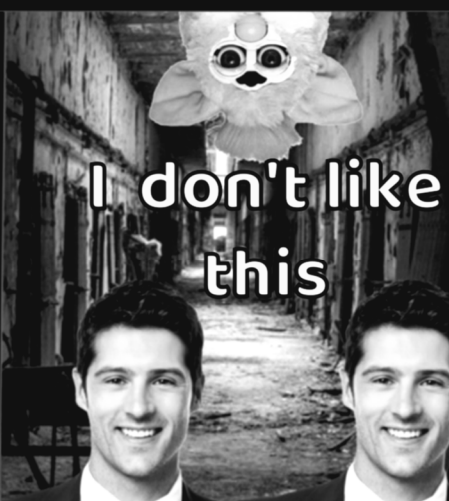
Nah, why?



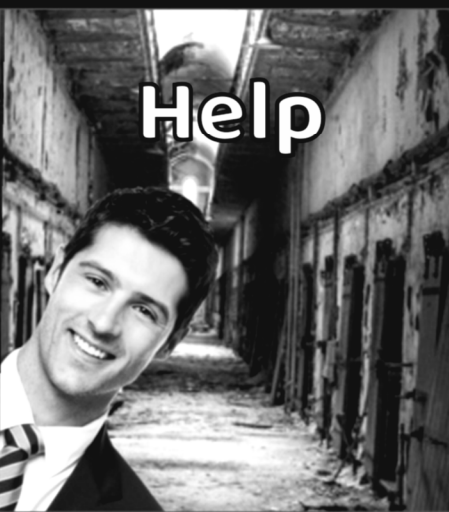
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE

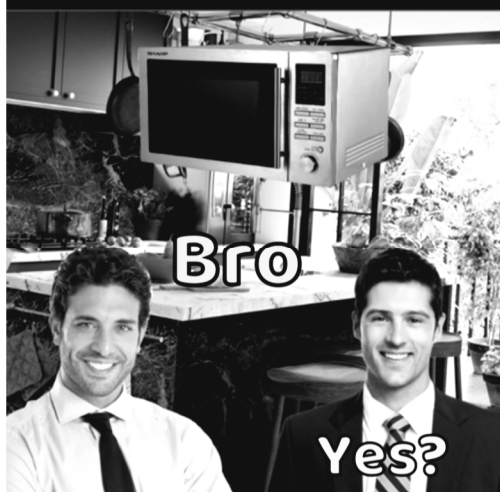


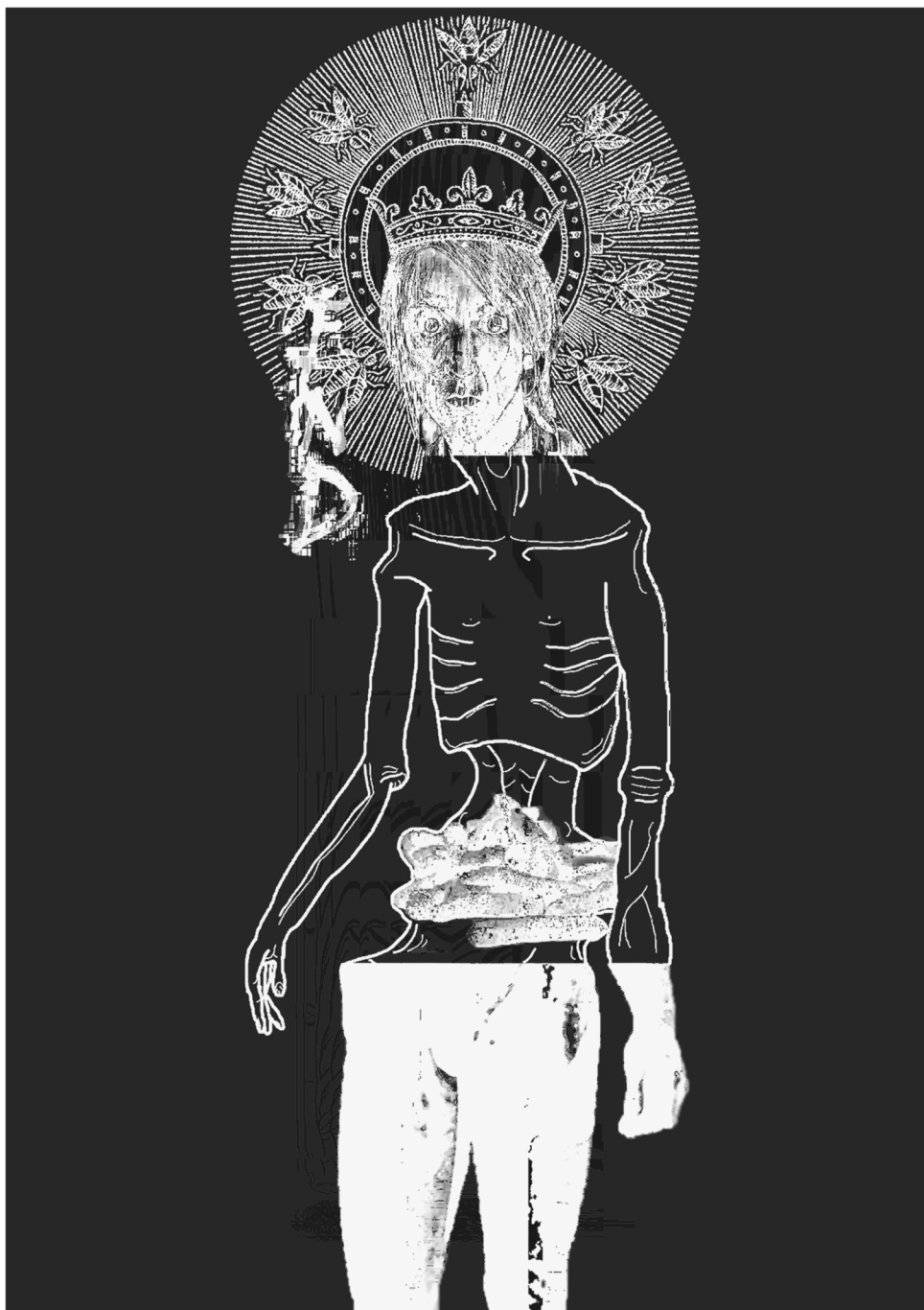
I don't like
this



Help







ESTATE @estatenoise

PAPESSE MARKAB reads FOR YOU



arot has been around for a long time, as a card game, parlor trick, pastime for the idle wealthy, and as a deep introspective tool. Some folks believe that it's a way to tell the future or read others' minds, others believe that it's a way to glean insight into your own soul. The truth, I think, is somewhere in between all this—it is what you make it. Everyone arrives at the truth in a different way. Alejandro Jodorowsky likened them to a mandala, or the building blocks of a temple. Robert Bonomo called them the 21 faces of God. The Tarot contains the human experience, heightened, and viewed through a divine mirror. As such, they're a powerful Oracle, if you choose to view them that way.

I am reading from Jodorowsky's restoration of the Tarot de Marseille, the ancient tarot deck that fascinated him from a young age, and using the reading style of his student, Yarov Ben Dov—the Open Reading. For these readings, I have chosen to use only the Major Arcana cards.

Querent: Skoddie

Question: How do I stop crushing on thee wrong people?

Cards: Judgement, Temperance, The Nameless Arcana 13 (Death)

Interpretation:

Judgement represents a revelation—indeed, the scene represented in the Judgement card is from the book of Revelation, the end of history and the manifestation of heaven on Earth. Temperance represents the blending of opposing forces, water and wine, heavenly and earthly, with angelic wings for flight, yet feet firmly planted in the ground—a middle way that does the impossible uniting all possible paths into one. And finally, the 13th Arcana, shows a total transformation—a cutting away of the old, to make way for the new. This reading is very Plutonian in nature—two cards ruled by Pluto, and one by Jupiter. This illustrates that great spiritual wealth can be found in the act of uncovering, of walking into the unknown.

These three cards tell a story. A revelation about the self due to past experiences that leads to an alchemy of ideas, which leads to change. Put in simple human terms, the advice here is that you already know the truth—the key is what you do with it, and you must stop dwelling on the mistakes of the past, and instead use them as stepping stones to the future. The presence of the 13th Arcana (note the disembodied heads on the ground—these represent parents, or authoritarian constructs) leads me to believe that limiting beliefs play a part in this—the “wrong” people are the unsuitable ones—why? What makes them, or the act of crushing on them, wrong? What do you get out of this? There is a way to have your cake and eat it too.

Perhaps the way to overcome this tendency is to change the way you view relationships and your role in them—destroy these limiting beliefs and patterns, so that the new growth has its chance to emerge. How? Look to the future. Note that the skeleton in the 13th Arcana is walking to the Right—it cuts a clean path, as though hacking into the jungle, and strides bravely into the unknown future. Think of where you're going and who you are now—don't dwell on the past. Your bright, unburdened future awaits.



Querent: Alexa

Question: How to let go of the past? (This is my rephrasing of Alexa's initial query—I lost the original wording of her question, but I think this is the gist of it.)

Cards: The Lovers, the World, the Star

Interpretation:

The Lover does represent love, but also choices, especially in older decks—note the man choosing between his wife (responsibilities) and his lover (fun). The World represents a state of completion and wholeness, and the Star represents hope for the future—and is a metaphorical north star showing true direction and purpose, an opening of cosmic consciousness. This reading is both Saturnian, Mercurial and Uranian in nature—showing that through doing the "right thing"—what's right for you, pursuing your Truth with hard work, cleverness and diligence, will illuminate the direction you must take.

These three cards tell a beautiful story of healing and acceptance, quite plain to see. In the past position is the Lover card, which again can represent both love and choice—I tend to read it as a mixture of both, depending on surrounding cards. It represents relationships, friendships, partnerships with other people. This card is ruled by Mercury, communication and thought. In this case, overthinking perhaps, and the pull of old patterns—and feeling pulled between too many different people. Perhaps, a desire to be "there" for many people, and in the process, neglecting yourself. This is followed by the World, the very last card of the Majors which shows a Woman encased within the Cosmic Egg, and maintained by the tetramorph of the 4 fixed signs—the pillars of the Earth, or the four evangelists. A unification of body, desire, emotion and intellect through which a rebirth can take place. It is interesting that this card is at the very end of the deck—her journey is finished, the lessons of the past integrated, and she returns to her primordial state, ready to take a new form and a new direction. The challenge now is to determine which direction to take.



This is where the Star comes in. In this position, it represents not only hope for the future, but advises you to spend time in meditation and deep thought, connecting to your soul. It is okay to pursue what you want, and to please yourself first. It is not selfish. If you want to give to others, you can, after you nourish yourself. By connecting to your true purpose, your north Star so to speak, you can make yourself into an endless well of generosity, but only after your own needs are cared for. Your future will be bright and full, no matter which direction you take, as long as that direction is towards somewhere you truly want to go.

Querent: Vera

Question: At what point does it stop feeling forced and become second nature?

Cards: The Devil, The Chariot, The Force (Strength)

Interpretation:

The Devil represents restriction, but also unruly passions. It represents subconscious urges—which can be of a passionate, self-satisfying nature, but also ones that are limiting, motivated by past traumas—the two lovers at the bottom are chained by a despotic, demonic creature. They are, in a sense, slaves to these subconscious drives. The Chariot also represents restriction, but instead of a forceful repression, it is the gentle but firm redirection of these drives into a more productive avenue. The result is the Force—also called "Strength" or "Lust" in other decks, it is a card ruled by the Sun, immensely positive, the raw life force that represents oneness with total creative expression and expansion.

The other cards shown are ruled by Saturn—the great Father, restrictor and binder—and the Moon, our subconscious and intuition.



What a beautiful story these cards tell. It shows the transformation of unruly, ensnaring forces of the past into that which is truly life-affirming and life giving. In this case, I believe, the snares that

bind you are lingering traumas which keep you chained, subconsciously, to past versions of yourself. The Chariot breaks these chains. The Chariot is in motion—it is the Mother, the Moon, the great Tide, vs. the restrictive dead winter Earth of Saturn in the Devil card. Nothing can stop the Tides. This force exists within you, the Chariot moves by directing these opposing forces—both sides of your subconscious, the negative and the positive. Redirection.

This leads to the Force, the Strength. You asked whether this ever becomes second nature—this is the clearest answer the deck could have provided. Yes. It becomes so natural by the marshalling of these forces, that it is a true extension of you. You are both the lion and the woman in this card—the intellect, and the creative drive (in this context, creativity really means any act of creativity or expression, honoring of the self and the Lust drive). She is the director and the driver, and the lion is the expansive force. No longer acting out like a child, screaming for acknowledgement and punished for it, it calmly obeys and works for you, because it is heard, seen, and honored. It is self-confidence without violence or forceful oppression.

Querent: Eliza

Question: Why do I feel like I'm an overfilled jar with a latched lid?

Cards: Temperance, The Papesse (The High Priestess), the Magician

Interpretation:

Temperance shows herself again. The alchemical mixture of the divine and the earthly, ruled by Jupiter. Next, we have the Papesse, the Female pope—another alchemical symbol, that of a Woman in a traditionally Male role—in this context, it shows that which is neither Man nor Woman, nor Both, but something else entirely. A confluence. Lastly, the Magician, with his bag of secret tricks and table of tools representing each of the

four elements. There is a strong emphasis on alchemy in this reading, of wisdom, Sophia: each figure present is a magician, teacher or mystic of some kind, each one is experimenting in their own way.



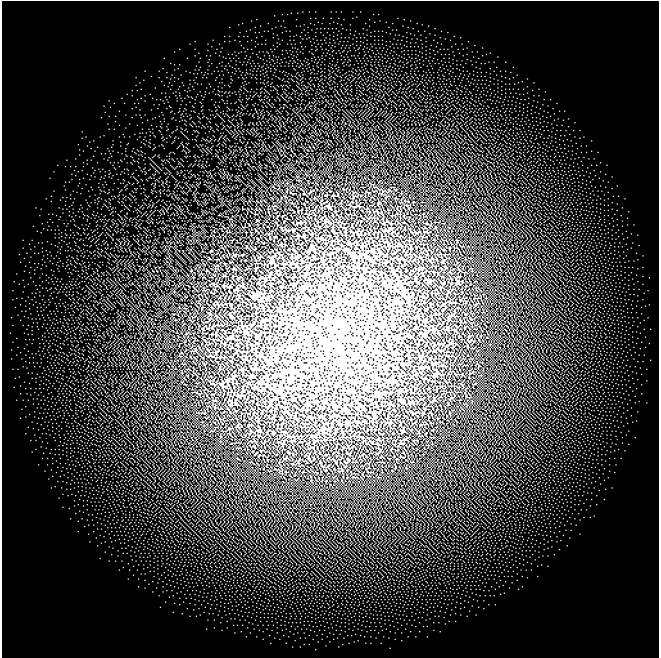
You say you feel like a jar ready to burst, so to speak—I am very interested that the Papesse card showed up with this query in mind. The Papesse is based on the real-life

Pope Joan, a philosophy teacher who served as Pope in secret for many years, until she was uncovered and then stoned to death for daring to teach as a Woman.

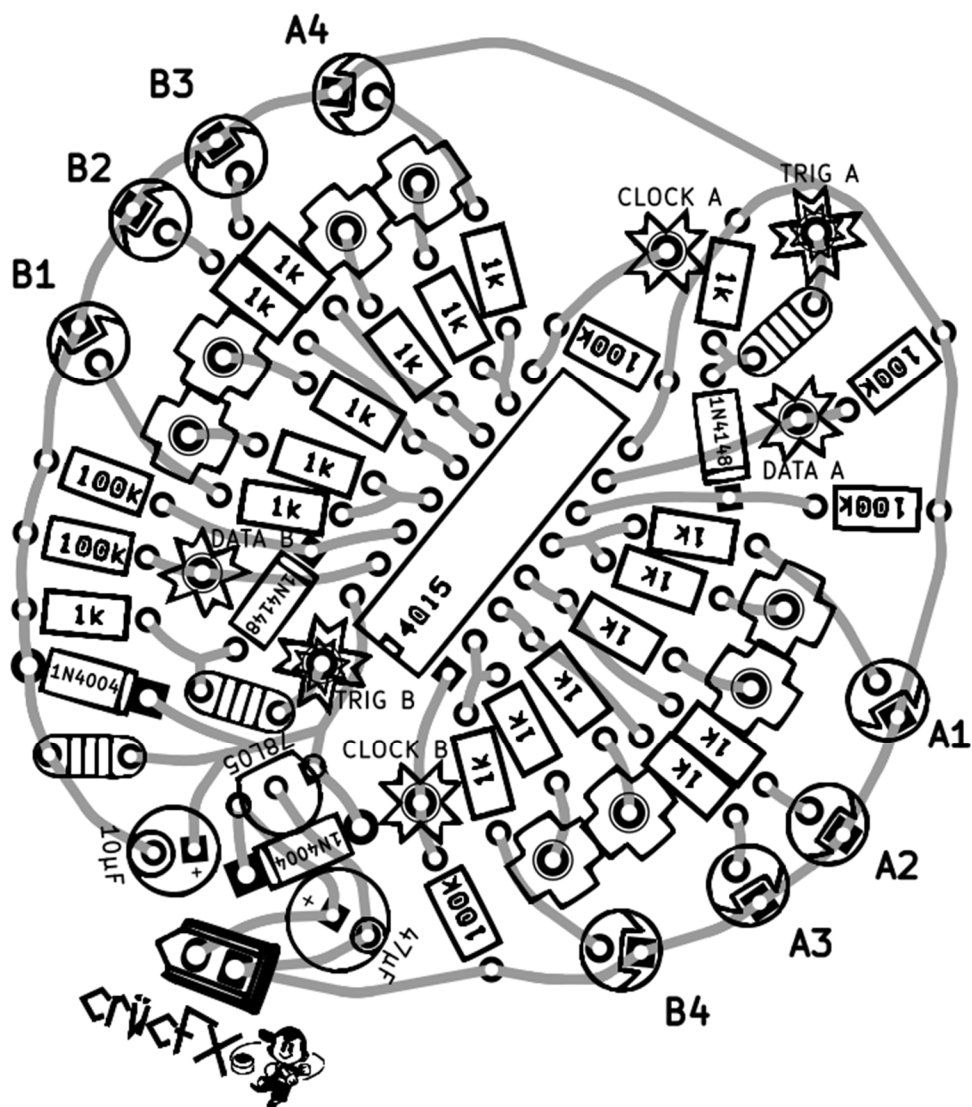
This brings to mind, of course, questions of imposter syndrome, of the necessity to hide things, of feelings of repression, despite holding a great many gifts which yearn to break free and serve the world—these gifts have a mind of their own, and will expose themselves eventually, just like Joan's secret. This is evidenced by the Temperance card, which shows this alchemical multiplication. Ruled by Jupiter, this overfilled feeling is not going to stop. Put simply, you need to put yourself "out there".

The future position here is the Magician, the lowly street performer who becomes a mighty wizard, and who has all the tools at his disposal to do as he Will. He exists here to show you that anything you want, can and Will be done if you want it. Your ideas influence your reality, what you believe, becomes true, for better or for worse. He creates reality for others, too—he is an illusionist and a performer. So create something beautiful, and do what you want—Joan knew the consequences of her actions and what they might cause, and she did have to face them, but she did it anyway. The answer to your question? Be brave. You can do it.

Kefir Fatwa @resistolddreams



Autumn Altair



~Fun tip~

Photocopy this page and glue it to a cereal box to build your own circuit!

crucFX

